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The whole English press is full of ridicule for Poet Laureate Austin.

A Georgia paper complains that the Atlanta Pair "scattered measles all over the State,"

It is claimed that the "honor system" in colleges originated in the University of Virginia.

General Campos says of Weyler's coming to Cuba that "the dead will rise and fight him."

Baltimore as well as Brooklyn is a city of churches, each having a greater number in proportion to the population than any other cities in the United States.

The New Orleans Picayune announces that "the Keeley motor is moting again, but in the line of its former wonderful achievements in moting cash out of its stockholders' pockets."

The late Congressman Lawler, of Chicago, once told a Chicago audience that the majority of the people of this country constituted the bulk of the population and was vociferously applanded.

A London weekly paper recalls the fact that at the breaking out of the Napoleonic wars, which lasted, in all, twenty two years, England had about 16,000 mercantile seagoing vessels. During the wars no less than 10,871 of them were destroyed or captured by the enemy.

The Southern States Magazine, of Baltimore, publishes reports from over 500 correspondents in all parts of the South as to the financial condition of farmers. 'These reports show that the Southern farmers as a class are less burdened with debt than they have been at any previous time since the war."

"In a hundred years," said Napoleon the Great at St. Helena, "Europe will be Cossack or Republican." Russia has been doing her part to realize the prediction for the Cossack, observes the Chicago Times-Herald. The Russian frontier has been moved toward Bertin, Dresden, Munich, Vienna and Paris about 700 miles. It has been moved a thousand miles in the direction of Teheran, 1300 miles nearer British India and 500 miles on the road to Constantinople.

Professor Becker, of the United States Geological Survey, who has just returned from the Alaska gold fields, states that although the precious metal abounds in different parts of Alaska, gold seekers should take into account the hardships and chances of ill-foriune that they will encounter. Food and other necessaries are very expensive. Notably rich mines already developed are the Treadwell, on Douglas Island, which produces \$500,000 worth of ore yearly, and the Apolle mine, near Delaroff Bay, with a yearly output of \$300,000.

Mutual fire insurance among farmers has proven wonderfully success ful, remarks the American Agriculturist. The Legislatures of the Middle States have done much to aid this movement by passing about all the laws they have been asked to. The hundreds of farmers' mutuals in New York and Pennsylvania represent many millions of dollars' worth of property and without exception the members report adequate protection and a great saving in premiums. Actual losses and the necessary operating expenses are very small. The money is retained in the community and does not go to fill the coffers of those already rich. It is a practical demonstration of co-operation which can be practiced in other lines where farmers are honsst and can trust themselves and each other.

Dr. Jameson is reported to have said in an interview that "our Maxims could have knocked the spots out of them, but we had no ammunition." That is going to be the trouble with the machine guns, especially for armies of invasion, predicts the Atlanta Constitution. No ammunition train, no matter how long, can carry cartridges enough to feed these greedy cornpoppers which shoot away in a minute as many rounds as a soldier can carry. The Maxims and Gatlings are all right in their place, but they will not lessen the importance of accurate small arm fire. A beleaguered fortress with big magazines might be able to fill the air so full of lead that no living thing could approach, but an army in the field will still find it necensury to shoot to hit, and it will take sharp oversight to keep the soldiers from wasting too much lead even with a magazine ride, to say nothing of a machine gun spitting from 600 to 1000 bullete a minute.

AS YE WOULD,

A brother languishing in sore distress, And I should turn and leave him con

When I might be messenger of hope and happiness How could I ask to have what I denied,

In my own hour of bitterness supplied?; If I might share A brother's load along the dusty way, And I should turn and walk alone that day,

How could I dare-When in the evening watch I knell to pray-To ask for help to bear my pain and loss, If I had heeded not my brother's cross?

If I might sing A little song to cheer a fainting heart-And I should seat my lips and sit apart,

When I might bring A bit of sunshipe for life's ache and smart-How could I hope to have my grief re-

If I kept silent when my brother grieved? And so I know That day is lost wherein I fail to lend

A helping hand to some wayfaring friend; But if it show A burden lightened by the cheer I send, Then do. I hold the golden hours well

spent,* And lay me down to sleep in sweet ecn-

-Edith Virginia Bradt.

THE LITTLE OLD MAN.

BY CAROLINE CAMBLOS.



UITE high up in a high house, in a poor quarter of Paris, lived little old man. He blew a horn every night in the orchestra of a theatre. It was rumored he had saved

considerable money. What he would do with this money no one knew; only the mothers in the house hoped he would remember their children when he died. For he loved the children in the house

There were many children, for many families lived there, so he had much to love. When he went to rehearsal he had to clear a passage on the stairs, the little ones crowded so to meet him. He usually had a paper of sweetmeats for them. Again, when a child of the house was missed, its mother would trudge up the many stairs to the top-most room and say: "M. Clerville, my little one should be here," and, sure enough, there it would be.

When the little ones were disobedient, you had but to say: "Ah, if M. Clerville could see you now," and the naughtiest one became an angel of

His love for their children made the mothers hope he would some time bestow some of his savings upon Jaqueline, Armand, and the like. For he had lived here for nearly eighteen years, had worked all that time and much. And for what? No one ever came to see him, he wer to the theatre, and he had no friends save the children.

They did not know that the little old man was hoarding and saving for a child he had never seen.

It was like this: He had once thought that he could compose a great opera. For years and years he had dreamed about it, worked at it. In these years he had carned but little money, his wife toiling hard to support herself and her daughter. At last, just before the daughter's marriage, M. Clerville finished his opera, sent it to a manager, and had it returned to him. His wife was angry; she had stood so much. She and her daughter left the disappointed man, and he had never seen them from that

He knew that his daughter had married, that a little child had come. He determined to work and save for this little child. He put away his opera, and went into an orchestra. This was eighteen years ago. He had lost eight of his wife and child, and grandebild; they had drifted somewhere. But one some time have a goodly sum of money, and then he would hunt out his grandchild and give it to her, thus proving he had not been entirely useless in the all children.

Now, one night as he returned from the theater and was going up to his room, he heard a sweet voice singing a tune he had not heard for years. He stopped on the stairs. The song rose on the quiet air; it was an old Provencal song his mother had sung years ago, the tune he had sung to his wife in the early happy days, the tune she in turn had sung to their child. The door opposite where he was

"Mademoiselle," he said, "I thank you for the song; my mother sang it to me when I was very young.

standing opened-a young girl stood

In his garret he thought of the song grandfather should be living and of the young girl-what a sweet face hers was. Was it really like a face he had once known? He thought and thought about it until he fell

Now Marie, the young flower maker, was alone in the world, and had moved into the house that very day. pleased her that she had pleased the little old man. So the next night when she heard him toiling up the stairs she again sang the old song

reminded of his mother," she thought. 'My mother sang it to me, too, and now she is dead. The old song took the old man way

back to happier days. "And where have I seen a face like this young girl's?" thought he.

"Oh, my dear grandchild," he said.

"will I ever, ever find you? And will you ever, ever love me?"

Again, one day he met Marie as he went down the stairs, the children ail their children?

enteen years old."

self on his tip-toes, and kissed her pure white brow. "It is thus I would have embraced

my grandchild," he said to himself, as

he hurried away.

After that he did not see her for a back from the theatre. Yet, when he was practicing, up in his room, when the children were with him, when he

dreamed once more of being success-One day, when he held a sleeping child in his arms and looked down upon its flushed face, he thought, "Marie is young, and should have some one to protect her. I am old—why, I am old enough to be her grand-father. Her grandfather! How

before." He leaned over the sleeping child, and presently something sparkled in a robe damascened in gold and silon its round cheek. May be it was a tear that fell from the little old man's exquisite description, surpassing any-

down in her room, lifted up her voice kind in Paris often stand for hours and sang the old song of Provence. before this marvel in an ecstacy of ad-After that the little old man was miration and despair. The face has a braver in his clothes, and some times caressing fixity of purpose, not unlike

shall teach me how my granddaughter delicacy of outline. It sets one dream would like me to look. My granddaughter! Ah, soon I shall go to her.
I have saved a good deal."
But he did not see Marie for a good

Arisan's D

while, and only her song told him she was near. It bade him be hopeful of yet meeting the granddaughter who should love him as he already loved her. Then one night he came home and the song was silent. Startled, he hurried up the stairs. In the doorway over in his hand once or twice. of Marie's room stood a young man. Marie stood there, too, and seeing M. Clerville, she began to sing the wellknown song. But the little old man passed on to his garret.

"Oh," he thought, "my granddaughther may not love me when she knows me - there may be someone else." The next day the room was locked;

the children knocked on the door and spent but little, so he must have saved called, but he did not heed them. At night, when he went home, Marie was singing the song, but he hastened to his room and closed the door. Three weeks went on, and M. Clerville often saw the young man talking with Marie, and he thought that it might be thus with his granddaughter, and then she would never love him.

At the end of the three weeks Marie spoke to him as he came home from rehersal.

"The good people in the house remember that to-morrow is your birthday, monsieur," she said, "I was telling Raymond here that you kissed me on my birthday."

The young man at her side nodded. "I kissed you as though you were my granddaughter," said the little old man, "as though I were your grandfather.'

"My grandfather !" and she frowned. 'My grandfather was a useless, foolish creature, not right in his mind, with the insane idea that he could write an opera. I should despise him of a steep hill, which overlooks the if I knew him.

It all flashed upon the little old man —her old song, her familiar look. high wall, but which discovers itself Here is the graudchild he had been from within to be a receptacle for dream remained to him; he would saving for for years; the grandchild whom he had longed for for years, and whom he had loved and whose valleys compel them to live. Each love he had been sure of. And she apartment in the wall is large enough called him useless, foolish, not right world. He always thought of her as in his mind, and vowed that she \$1 per month. The poor people are a little child. For this reason he loved should despise him if she knew him! "How old and feeble he is," said

the young man, Raymond, watching M. Clerville go up the stairs. On the morrow Marie and Raymond parcel in her hand. The old man's room was full of smoke—he had burned

Marie handed him the parcel. With trembling fingers he opened it. There was a little wreath of forget-me-nots.
"I made it for your birthday," said
Marie. "It is my last work. For tomorrow I shall be Raymond's wife, caring for no one else.

"Caring for no one else!" repeated the old man. "Now suppose your "I should despise him," interrupted Marie. "He was useless in the world." M. Clerville took a paper from his

breast and gave it to her. "The savings of many years," he said; "it is your wedding gift." He put the two happy young people at and closed the door, He heard

Marie singing the old song as she went away. He held the wreath of forgetme-nots in his hand, and he looked at the grate where smouldered the ashes "It must be pleasant for him to be of his opera. He listened to Marie's song growing fainter and fainter; he did not know that the children had opened the door and stood looking in

In vain Marie waited to sing for him that night; his step did not sound on is young girl's?" thought he. the stairs. She grew uneasy. At last Braxton County, W. Va. His mu Night after night he heard the song she had Raymond go with her up to tache is the longest in the world, be when he came home from the thester; the garret. She carried a candle, and ing exactly six feet from tip to tip he would leave his room door open that was the only light in the room. Brown havn't shared since the war, that he might hear it to the end, when they reached it. And there on lie is more than six feet tall and has Once-it was a soft spring night, and him bed lay the little old man. The the built of a Herculea.

the lilacs were blooming-he felt it wreath of blue forget-mo-nots was pressed up against his heart that beat no more. Under the candle light he looked almost young.

The house was roused, and men and romen sorrowed. Had he not loved

about him.

"Are you quite alone, mademoiselle?" he asked.

"Quite alone," the answered. "My parents are dead. I had a kind grandmother, but she died, too. And this is my birthday, monsieur. I am several to the result of the content of the conten to love him," she wept, "and loving He stepped up to her, raised him- nothing but the memory of his mother who sang the old song I sing."

Ab, but Marie did not know.—Home

Statue Hidden by Verdigris. An Egyptian statue, the finest of the long while, though he often heard her kind existing, and as a work of art singing the old song when he came ranking with the Venus of Milo and the Venus de Medici, has just been discovered in the Egyptian Gallery of the children were with him, when he was blowing his horn in the theatre—at all times he thought of Marie, and the thought of her brought back the cold feelings had been been been the children were with him, when he bronze, almost by accident. It is in bronze, and is the portrait of a queen of the thirteenth dynasty, named Karomana. This statue was covered old feelings he had once had, till he with a thick coating of verdigris, brought out his opera again, and which concealed its most striking beauties, so that visitors constantly passed it without even suspecting what

a treasure was before them. An almost invisible trace of gold having been detected on the surface, it was thought that perhaps some gilding lay under the verdigris, and the statue was scraped a little with extreme

care. Something was brought to view far "My own granddaughter may be as different from gilding. When the old as she! I never thought of that beautiful queen was relieved from her verdigris she was found to be clothed thing known in ancient or modern art. Just then, Marie, making flowers Indeed, the artists in work of the he even had a flower in his coat.
"I must look well," he said. "Marie in the same building, but even greater ing as to its meaning and mystery .-

Artisan's Discerning Eye.

A stranger in the city stood in front of a Columbus avenue apartment house in process of construction, ap-parently interested in what he saw, and picked up a brick which he turned "I will give you a job if you want it," said the foreman, who had ob-

served the stranger. "What kind of a job?" asked the other, as he shook the brick dust from

his gloves,
"Laying brick, of course," was the
answer. "I know from the way you picked up that brick that you are a brick mason, and we are short handed, with the cold weather on us.'

"Thank you," answered the stranger. "Once I would have jumped at your for thirty-five years ago I wandered these streets looking for such a job and couldn't find it, though I needed it as much as any poor fellow in the city. I took Greeley's advice, and went West, where I have laid tens of thousands of bricks, and employed men to lay millions for me. Now I don't need the work, but am pleased that you recognized in me a

nember of the craft." The stranger was William McManus, one of the largest contractors in St. Louis. - New York Herald.

Mexican Cemetery, A correspondent describes the queer emetery of the Mexican city of Guanajuato. There is hardly room in Guanajuato for the living, so it behooves the people to exercise rigid economy in the disposition of her dead. The burnal place is on the top city, and consists of area inclosed by what appears from the outside to be bodies, which are placed in tiers, much as the confines of their native to admit one collin, and is rented for buried in the ground without the formality of a coffin, though one is usually reuted in which the body is conveyed to the grave. As there are not graves enough to go round, whenever went up to the garret. Marie had a a new one is needed a previous tenant must be disturbed, and this likewise happens when a tenant's rent is not promptly paid in advance. The body is then removed from its place in the mausoleum, or exhumed, as the case may be, and the bones are thrown into

One of the Charms of Music.

"Do you find your orchestra a paying investment?" I asked of the proprietor of a restaurant.

"Indeed I do," he answered. "It's the best investment about the restaurant. It makes my pairons more comfortable and better pleased with them selves. People always feel more liberal when hearing music; so they eat more. Then the rhythm of the music increases the appetite, particularly for delicacies, and materially increases the orders. Besides, the music both draws customers from the street and holds them after they have entered. Yes, it does pay."-New York Herald.

Natural Reins and Bridle,

Certainly the bearded freak of the United States is James Brown, who lives near the village of Bealington,

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

The Cavaller's Lament-Not Inconsolable-An Odd Antediluvian-Retallation-Its Value, Etc., Etc.

I cannot tune my mandolin,
Havana!
My lady's smiles I fail to win,
Havana!
For just when I begin to sing
The insurgent bullets round me ring,
And "snap!" goes every blessed string,
Havana!

My lady from her lattice shrinks, Havanat Of shells and flashing swords she thinks, Havanal
The wild insurgents rear and rip!
I would not make a skyward trip,
And so, my love, I'll skip, I'll skip—
Havanal
—Atlanta Constitution.

ITS VALUE.

"Now that you've heard the poen tell me what you think? Oughtn't I to get \$10 for it?" "Y-e-e-e-s. Ten dollars or thirty

PEE SO HIGH. Spencer-"Did you feel any pain at all when you went to that painless dentist's?" Ferguson-"Only when he presented his bill."

AN ODD ANTEDILUVIAN. Teacher-"Nosh sailed forty days and forty nights."
Dick Hicks-"And did it all without a yachting cap."

WHERE TO FIND THEM. "This age demands men who have convictions," shouted the impassioned orator. "Where shall we find them?" "In the penitentiary," replied a

man in the gallery. NOT INCONSOLABLE. Passenger-"Man overboard! Man overboard!"

Mate (carelessly)—"Its on'y a deck-hand; had more'n we wanted, anyway."-Boston Courier.

RETALIATION. "Hurry up, Maud. Mr. Jones has een waiting an hour already.' "Humph! Let him wait. Didn't he keep me waiting three years before

he spoke?"—Harper's Bazar.

INCREDIBLE. Mrs. Snaggs (reading from a newspaper) - "Gas meter manufacturers

have formed a trust.' Mr. Snaggs-"I can't believe it. No trust is to be placed in gas meters."-Pittsburg Chronicie.

A HIGH OLD ONE, « Teacher-"Tommy, you may define the difference between a while and a

Tommy-"Wy-wy-when paw says he is going downtown for a while, maw says she'll bet he is going for a time." -Cincinnati Enquirer. PURELY IMAGINARY.

"Maria," said Boggles to his wife, with an idea of instructing her in political economy, "do you know what civil service is?

"Jasper," said Mrs. Boggles, with memory of recent contact with the cook, "there isn't any."-Boston Transcript.

A HOME GUARD.

Razzle-"That Major Durham you introduced me to doesn't look like a soldier. I'll bet he never drew a Dazzle -- "You are really mistaken,

old man. Razzle-"Well, he may have drawn one in a raille."

INDISPENSABLE,

"You have left out an important statement in this resous story," said a professor in the School of Journalism to one of his students. "Indeed, sir?"

"Yes, you neglect to say that the boy was rescued just as he was going down for the third time."

INSIDE KNOWLEDGE.

Timdiddie-"I think Hugh Baugh has more assurance than any man I ever knew. I've seen him where a man of any sensibility ought to show a little embarrassment, but it didn't Humgruff-"No? Well, I wish you

the man is always embarrassed. THE GERM AGE. Scene.-A schoolroom in the year

had my account against him. I tell

Teacher (to new boy) - "Have you got your certificate of vaccination against smallpox?"

Yes, sir.

"Yes, sir." "Have you a written guarantee that you are proof against whooping cough, measles and scarlet fever?'

"Have you been incoulated for

Yes, sir." 'Are you provided with your own drinking cup? "Will you make a solemn promise

never to exchange sponges with the other boys and never to use any other pencil but your own?" "Do you agree to have your books fumigated with sulphur and your clothes sprinkled with chloride of lime

"Hans, I see that you fulfill all the requirements of modern hygienies, Now you can climb over that wire, place yourself on an isolated aluminum aret, and commence doing your same."

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Compressed air operates Paris clocks.

London is to have a new under-

The distance to the nearest of the

"fixed" stars, as computed by Astronomer Ball, is 20,000,000,000,000

According to the beliefs of the Ari

zona Indians, the Cliff Dwellers built along the bluffs because they feared

An aerolite which recently fell in Australia had a spot in one side nearly

twelve inches in diameter, which was

Nicola Tesla has invented an electric

machine which, he claims, will cure

every organic disease of the human

French "paste" from which artifi-

cial diamonds are made, is composed of a mixture of glass and oxide of lead.

Rubies, pearls and sapphires are also

successfully imitated by the Parisians.

Professor Hebra, of Vienna, that chil

dren under six or eight years of age,

whether exposed to the sun or not, do not have freckles. The sun, he says,

M. Maspero has found that the

scarabs and other Egyptian ornaments

discovered at Eleusis all belong to the

time of the Ptolemies, and conse

quently their discovery does not help the theory that the Eleusinian mys-

Mathematical calculations show that

an iron ship weighs twenty-seven per cent. less than a wooden one, and will

carry 115 tons of cargo for every 100

tons carried by a wooden ship of the same dimensions, and both loaded to

The vocal cords in action have been

photographed by Professor Hallock and Mr. Muckey, who have thus shown

that the pitch of a note is raised by

rotating the arytenoid cartilage with-out stretching the cords at all; much

as a violinist makes high notes by

are peculiar in the locality. Nor is this all. Fifty-seven out of the eighty

specimens of birds and 700 out of the

1000 species of insects do not exist in

A workman in a limestone quarry at

the upper silurian period ages ago.

substance and the difference produced

on the freezing point of the liquid

that dissolves it, as well as on the ex-

A few years ago a lady living in the

Via Volturno, in Rome, had some pet

canaries in cages, which she every day

hung out on a baleony in front of her

kitchen window. She observed a spar-

row frequently come and perch on one

of the cages, and one evening when

she brought in her birds she unawares

brought in also the little wild visitor

perched on its favorite care. It

showed no fear, and pecked the crumbs

she offered it. Evening after evening

the same bird continued to come in

with its imprisoned friend. An empty

cage with food was left near, and in

this it made its abode at night, the

Spring came and the sparrow flew

away; then the summer passed, and

with the shortening days she returned,

boldly entering the kitchen, sur-rounded by a broad of four or five lit-

tlesparrows. She had come, it seemed,

to greet her old friend, and introduce

her treasures to her. They all con-

fidingly ate the crumbs scattered for

them on the kitchen floor. Soon win-

ter came, and with it the sparrow

again as an established lodger "with board." Again the soft breeze of a

Southern spring whispered of new

nests and broads, and the sparrow flew

away, but this time, alas! to return

A Simplifying Process.

manufacture has been attended with a

great deal of troublesome detail. Of late, there have been marked im-

provements in the machinery used for

this purpose. The new inventions

reduce the power required and in-

crease the capacity of the machines to

such an extent that eight or ten tone

of green ramie stalks may be handled

in a day. There is a tenacious gum in the stalk, however, that has been an

obstacle in the way of its successful

preparation. This is now being neu-

tralized by new processes, and the

latest machines claim to be able to

prepare the fiber and make it ready

seventeen cents per pound. This includes the cost of the raw material,

the bleaching and cleaning.-The

The preparation of ramie fiber for

no more. - The Spectator.

door always being left open.

pansion of the vapors of the liquid.

any other portion of the globe.

The doubtful assertion is made by

composed of pure copper.

system except consumption.

does not produce freekles.

teries originated in Egypt.

the same draught of water.

of his finger.

round railway.

another deluge.

RATES OF ADVERTISING: One Square, one inch, one insertion. \$ 100
One Square, one inch, one mouth. 300
One Square, one inch, three mouths. 500
One Square, one inch, one year. 1000
Two Squares, one year. 1500
Quarter Column, one year. 2000
Half Column, one year. 1000
Legal advertisoments ten cents per line

Legal advertisements for consequence feach insertion.

Marriages and death notices gratis.

All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly Temperary advertisements must be paid in advance.

Job work—cash on delivery.

Sun by day and stars by night, dear; Here is rhyme, and here is reason; Still the red rose comes in season; In the fields the tollers sowing, Hear the buryest bugles blowing Life, my dear, is joy and weeping-Sowing time, and time for reaping. Take thy task-if joy or sorrow: Still the dark will bring the morrow. In the storm the birds are singing, And the bells of heaven are ringing. -Atlanta Constitution.

Trying to be witty is like trying to

be pretty .-- Fliegende Blaetter. A woman may be quite given to wringing her hands and yet not be very much of a belle. - Richmond Dis-

"Does Scribbles write many stories?" "Well, I should say so; he has to use an incubator to hatch his plots."---

"I don't mind getting caught," said the fox, bitterly. "What grinds me is that they set this trap for a rabbit!" -Chicago Tribune.

Mildred-I wouldn't marry the best man in the world." Mr. Suitor-"There is no danger; the bride nevergets the best man."-Tit-Bits. "Has Mrs Catchon an artistic home?"

that you have to lie down on the floor to look at them."—Chicago Record. A Dark Subterfage: Effic-"Jack,

breath-in fact, the only trouble now seems to be my breath." "Oh, well, I'll give you something that will soon stop that." .- Life.

Peasant (to conductor)-"I haven't quite enough money to go home on the flyer. Couldn't you go a little slower and take me on an ordinary ticket?"-Fliegende Blactter.

shortening the string by the pressure Master..."How was this vase smashed, Mary!" Mary..."H you Some interesting discoveries have recently been made about animal life on the Hawaiian Islands. It appears tomatic brake again !"---Tit-Bits. that all the land and fresh water shells

ragman, "that you don't buy old paper any more?" "I saves money by sub-scribin' direct for the Sunday news-Harper's Bazar.

Maquoketa, Iowa, the other day found imbedded in the rock, twenty-five feet you are not dressed warmly enough. below the surface, a fly. The fossil is wife. "Yes; perfectly stunning."
"Then I am very comfortable, thank perfect. The feelers and legs and delicate wings, as well as the body, are as complete as when the insect slighted and stuck in the ooze away back in Adjustable: "You must have mis-

> po'k tendahline, sah ago Tribune. "I don't know who you are, sir," said the red-haired man in the restau-

by me half an hour and haven't looked once to see what the figures are on my check."-Chicago Tribune. Hard Fate: "This, ladies and gentlemen," said the dime-museum orator, leading his audience over to the next platform, "is the armless wonder, Sig.

wood."... Chicago Tribune

A well-known bank eashier was talking the other day about the possibilities of contagion in soiled bank notes, and took occasion to remark that a much cleaner lot of paper money was now in circulation than formerly. The banks, he said, now send their soiled notes to the United States Treasury to be destroyed as soon as a sufficient quantity accumulates to justify it, and ow notes are issued in their place. This has been rendered not only possible, but advisable, owing to the increased facilities for printing bank notes. One never sees a soried bank note in London. They are all exisp and white and now, simply because the Bank of England never lets a note go out the second time. Although the average life of a Bank of England note is said to be five days, the notes which find their way to the colonies are kept in circulation for years, and these are found to be in an even worse

place on Sunday in one of the elegant restaurants here. A low weeks ago a and ordered the beer for him.

A Model Country. In Iceland there are neither prisons, soldiers, drunkenness nor police. Colonized in 874, it soon after became independent, and its isolated position, far away from the beaten track of ocean commerce, has preserved its population from many of the vices which seem almost inseparable from a high state of commercial prosperity and extensive intercourse with the rest of mankind.

A SONG OF LIFE. Rolls the old world ever right, dear,

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Chicago Record.

"Yes; her pictures are hung so low

papa said we must not see each other any more." Jack--"Indeed! Shall I turn the gas out?"---Harper's Bazar. "Yes, Doctor, it still hurts me to

please, sir, it tumbled down and broke itself." Master---"Hump! The au-"Why is it," said Mrs. Wilbur to the

papers, ma'am," said the ragman .---She Was Warm: "Darling," said Mr. McBride solicitously, "I am afraid "Do I look stylish, dear?" asked his

understood me, waiter. These are Professor Raoult, of Grenoble, has veal cutlets, breaded, aren't they?"
"Y-yes, sab." "I ordered park ten-derloin." "Yes, sab. Jes' take off received the biennial prize of \$4000 from the Academie des Sciences for de breaded part of it, sab, au' dare his discovery of the numerical ratio

rant, turning to the guest with the chin whiskers, "but you're a gentle-"How did you find it out,"
d the other. "You have sat inquired the other.

Basil Ragstock, who was not only born without arms, but is also deaf and dumb. The great grief of his life, ladies and gentlemen, is that he can neither say anything nor can he saw

Contagion in Bank Notes,

condition than our own greenbacks --Philadelphia Record.

They Got Even With Him. Our Vienna correspondent teles

graphs: A remarkable incident took

workman who entered the restaurant and ordered a glass of beer was refused the same, first by a waiter and then by the laudiord himself. A group of gentlemen seated at a table near hera-upon invited the man to sit with them landford then insulted the whole group, and a regular scandar fol-lowed. On Sunday afternoon 200 workmen entered the restaurant in small groups, and though they ordered only one glass of beer cach, they stayed until night, occupying every seat and every table, so that no one else could get a place. Before they left they sang the "doing of Work" in chorus. The proprietor of the restanhas since been to the workmen's paper and declared that he was ready to give any kind of antisfaction to the aggrieved workman - London News,